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[CONCLUDED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]
Dixon's line," a charm, which hold by a firm but pleasant thralldom, from which we would not, if we could, release ourselves. There is a fascination in the very name of the South that holds us spell-bound. Nay, in its present state of prosperity, progress and refinement, so free from all the disgraceful taints that follow such alarming rapidity in the wake of civilization, and which is so palpably characteristic of the northern portion of our Union and the other civilized countries of the globe—there is something beyond a mere charm, something more real than a fascination—it is grandeur, it is power.

Where will you find a Pulpit more pure, a Judiciary at once more learned and equitable, Professors of all grades more able and skillfully filled, than in the South? This intellectual, Mechanical, more enterprising and happy? Where, under God's sun, will we find sires and matrons more noted for

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;"

sons high-minded and honorable, daughters more refined and virtuous? Indeed, gentlemen, the South is worthy of the love of her countrymen, and she is free to admit all these things, far be it from us to forget the devotion we owe to the whole Union, a boon transmitted to us by our ancestors, purchased with their toil and blood, and whose wisdom endeavored to make its blessings perpetual. We do love that Union as handed down to us by our forefathers—the Union of the constitution—the Union of equal justice. But we love it with honest apprehension to the rise and spread of a faction at the North, advocating doctrines of the utmost hostility to us; sentiments that until a few years past were feebly and vilely belied forth by a few crazy fanatics, to listen to whom even, was a disgrace. The success of this party—holding in ridicule the most sacred rights of the South, denying the authority of the highest judicial tribunal recognized by the constitution, imposing the penalty of imprisonment upon persons who carry their slave into one of the largest of the Northern States, and that State, too, in which the people of the South have often occasion so to do, thus dividing the constitution, the sole foundation of our confederacy, will, to say the least, put in great jeopardy the very existence of the Union itself. As we love, we will cherish and maintain the Union of these States, as long as we are compelled to concede no right and submit to no wrong. We will not allow the people of the North must think that we degenerate sons of those sires that bravely pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," and nobly redeemed that pledge upon many well-contested battle-fields, for certain rights, if they suppose we will quietly submit to encroachments upon those dearly purchased privileges. No, gentlemen, our citizen soldiers, our people ever, when called to the field, will draw their swords in the defense of the South—not that we love Caesar less, but that we love Rome more.

Fifth regular toast:
"The Union." The priceless inheritance left us by our fathers, purchased by their blood, consecrated by their sufferings; let us, their descendants, show that we rightly value our inestimable treasure by devoting our best efforts to its perfect preservation.

PULASKI COOPER, Esq., was called upon to respond. He regretted an indisposition which would preclude the possibility of his responding. He would like to do so if he felt able, for he was, he said, in feeling, in sentiment and in action a Union man, and would have felt proud in addressing Union men, who had maintained the policy of non-resistance and who by their blessings and immunities maintenance secured and perpetuated, and who are ready to lay down their lives as a sacrifice, to preserve untrammelled, and to transmit to posterity the inestimable treasure which was won by the toil and patient endurance of our fathers, and bequeathed to us by the priceless blood of the lamented dead. But he was reluctantly compelled to desist. He thanked them for the distinguished honor manifested in this call, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheers.

[Music.—Hail Columbia.]
The sixth regular toast:
"The Mecklenburg Declaration." North-Carolina was the first to cherish the American flag, she will be the last to desert the altar where she kindled the vestal fire of Liberty.

EX GOV. MANLY was loudly called for, and on presenting himself, was received with a shout that made the welkin ring. He spoke nearly as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen:
In Heathen Mythology, Astraea, the Goddess of Justice is represented as blind, and that is the cause, I suppose, why the old dame, in doing out her historic records has been so slow in discovering and admitting that the men of North-Carolina were the first of all others in America to declare themselves free and independent of the British Crown. [Cheers.]

But the scales have at length fallen from her eyes, [loud cheers] and it is now admitted as an historic fact, that on the 20th day of May, 1775, the men of Mecklenburg, in the old town of Charlotte, more than a year prior to the memorable 4th of July, 1776, stood forth as the first people of America to demand freedom. [Great cheering.] That is a proud day for every true hearted son of the Old North State. Let it be consecrated and observed as our State Festival. [Applause.]

Already have our honored guests, the Wilmington Light Infantry Company, adopted it as their anniversary, and "Mecklenburg Declaration" should never be pronounced, but in connection with the "Wilmington Resolves" of the committee of vigilance and safety of that gallant old Whig town. [Continued cheers.] Our historic records are now placing in the vanguard of the Revolution the brilliant achievements of Moore's creek and all along the Cape Fear. I see before me young men, whose arteries are now teeming in direct descent with some of the noblest blood of the Revolution. [Immense cheers.] And if you want the battles of your country right and wrong, your railroads built, and rivers opened, or the Bull's Eye of the target shot out, the Wilmington boys are just the boys to do it. [Cheering which lasted for some minutes.]

On the approaching anniversary of the 20th of May, preparations are now in progress for a celebration of the day, worthy of the heroic achievements of our noble ancestors. Would that we could all be there to catch fresh inspiration of patriotic ardor on that consecrated spot. [Cheers.] It is a day fit for the assembling together of our old and our young men to read and ponder well the Farewell Address of Washington, that priceless legacy left us by the Father of his Country. At that day, there was no antagonistic North and South. "The cause of Boston was the cause of all." [Great applause.]

A few short years ago, the bare whisper of disunion in the American States would have been denounced as treason. Now the spirit of fanaticism is boldly advocating, throughout the land, a dissolution of the Government.

I will not take advantage of your polite call upon me to respond to the sentiment just offered, to inflict upon you a homily on the Union and the Constitution. Yet in this military assembly, with our eyes opened to the progressive destiny of this great country; seated beneath those flags bearing the emblematic stars and stripes of our glorious confederacy; I must be permitted to say to these young men, these citizen soldiers, who are to be the future defenders of our State—Uphold the Union! Strike down the traitor! [Great cheering.] And when the demon of fanaticism and disunion shall have demoralized this once prosperous Republic—(which may God in his mercy avert)—when dismay and ruin shall overwhelm the nation, and the sainted spirits of the revolutionary dead shall walk disturbed amongst us," when these bright stars and stripes of our national flag shall be torn and scattered to the winds; when the sun of our liberty and happiness shall have set forever, and wild anarchy and civil war shall have deluged the land with fratricidal blood; may you who shall have survived the

wreck be able to lift up your hands, white and unstained, and to exclaim with holy horror, "It was not I, it was not I that did it." [Sensation.]

In conclusion, allow me to offer a sentiment which I know will receive a hearty response in every heart. It is to the memory of a man who is dead. He was no disunionist, he was no seceder, or statesman; but a man of the kindest sympathies and most generous benevolence. He was a native of this City, named after it, and commanded for a long time with much enthusiasm, our only volunteer company. By all who ever met him on an occasion like the present, he will be remembered with fraternal affection:

"The memory of Weston R. Gale."

[Drank in silence.]

Seventh regular toast:

"The Wilmington Light Infantry"—In peace as in war, all we ask is to let them speak for themselves.

CAPT. RADCLIFF, of the Wilmington Cadets, responded. He said he could not but confess to a reluctance on this occasion, which appeared unworthy the character of a soldier. But he could not refrain from expressing his high sense of the honor paid to him, and of the hearty welcome extended to his townsmen, the Wilmington Light Infantry. Such a welcome and such a scene as this might well agitate and swell the heart—might well, indeed, make a man glory to be called a son of the Old North State. [Applause.] Capt. Radcliff alluded to the advanced position of the Wilmington Light Infantry of that study. No surer means could be devised to secure the liberties of our country. He alluded to the Lillingston and Caswell, and pointed to the fame of Jackson as undying as any that past history unfolds. Capt. Radcliff acquitted himself ably and elicited rapturous applause. He concluded by offering a sentiment.

"Fidelity, Wilmington and Raleigh."—May they never wake, a Belmont and a Harrison to lead them on to victory.

[Immense cheering.—Music.]

Eighth regular toast:

"The Bar."—They assert the majesty of the Law, uphold the oppressed, and protect the innocent—a band of brothers for the benefit of Society.

DANIEL G. FOWLE, Esq., was called on and responded as follows, and was frequently applauded:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

The toast which you have proposed, Mr. Chairman, cannot but impart to those referred to, the greatest pleasure and gratification. We are assured that the strong hold which the Bar has upon the affections of the people of the good "Old North State" is owing to the high sense of duty which actuated the old members of our Profession, in days that are past—a sense of duty, which we trust has been transmitted to those of us, who are now fighting in the ranks.

For not amongst those distinguished for the qualities so highly appreciated, was one who leaving his "Old Cape Fear" at early manhood, in a few years gained for himself the respect, esteem and confidence of Western Carolina. In him the innocent ever found a Protector, and his life beautifully illustrated the fraternal nature of our Profession—Integrity and Courtesy were the characteristics of JOHN A. LILLINGTON. Wilmington may well be proud of such a son, and the members of the bar, of such a brother.

Permit me Sir, to express to you, our thanks for the kind manner in which we have been mentioned. [Music.]

Ninth regular toast:

"The Press."—Worked by the strength of a freeman's arm, it will ever be the dread of tyrants, the foe of anarchy. The Palladium of our Liberties; in honoring its representatives, we only render justice to the Defenders of our Rights.

W. W. HOLDES, Esq., being called for, rose to make his acknowledgments for the honor of the call, and also to thank the company for the compliment paid to the press, of which he was an humble representative.

It would not become him, he said, to speak in praise of his profession, or to enlarge upon the "powers of the press." Such a line of remark, even if becoming, would not be expected, and would not be necessary if another was speaking instead of himself; for the toast itself was full of commendation, and did more than justice to the press. [Cheers.] He confessed his inability, thus situated, to respond suitably to the sentiment proposed; and this reminded him of the anecdote of the man—a very "hard swearer"—who swore at everything which even slightly disturbed him, and who, on one occasion was hauled some six inches in his cart. The foot board fell out, and so did all the ashes just as he reached the spot where he was to deposit them; and the boys gathered about him to hear what he would say when he discovered his loss. To their surprise he said nothing, and on being asked why he did not swear as usual, his reply was—"boys, I have nothing to say, for the fact is I can't do justice to the subject." [Much cheering.] This, said Mr. H., is the case with me now—I can't do justice to the subject. [Cheers.] Besides, it was nearly as difficult to speak of one's profession as of one's self; and if he should attempt thus to speak, and should overstep the bounds of modesty and propriety, there could be no atonement for the blunder, for Editors, it was well known, never corrected mistakes. [Cheers.] They always waited for "the proof," and even then they sometimes failed to correct. Why, it is well known that an Editor living somewhere in Christendom, and regularly enlightening and edifying his readers every week, published to the world that one of his readers had defamed this life; when, behold! the next day the reader thus summarily disposed of, made his appearance in full health and demanded a correction. [Cheers.] The Editor told him he could not do that—[cheers]—he never made corrections; but he would do this: if he had, the reader thus suddenly alive again, would write and sign a card, stating that he was not dead, he would insert the card. [Great applause.]

But, though he might not refer in terms of eulogy to his own profession, yet there was one of the "powers of the press" to which he might refer, and without which the "art preservative of arts" could not exist. He alluded to the *Journeymen Printers* of the country. [Cheers.] He knew them well, and could appreciate the importance of their calling, their labors for the good of society, and the intelligence, integrity, industry, and sense of honor which characterized them as a class. He could not speak of the press without saying a word in commendation of, but in simple justice to, this worthy body of men. They were proverbial for their frankness, their independence of disposition and their liberality; they carried their opinions and their hearts in their hands. [Cheers.] He was proud that he was at one time himself a journeyman printer.

Mr. Holden concluded by referring, amid much applause, and in good humored but highly complimentary terms, to a profession which had not been toasted during the evening, to wit, the Medical Profession, which called up

DR. ADAM WRIGHT, of the Wilmington Light Infantry, who briefly responded while excusing himself, on the ground of being a young man, and the fact of there being older members of the profession present. He was loudly applauded, and made some light remarks.

Mr. BATTLE, Esq., responded in substance as follows, and was frequently greeted by loud applause:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

I feel proud at being allowed to respond to this toast in behalf of the University. She has been a kind mother to me, and gratitude for the benefits she has conferred upon me, makes me ever glad to

point all who may listen to the radiance of her fame.

Hers has been no common lot of usefulness and honor. If he is a benefactor of mankind who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, how much more worthy of lasting fame is that institution, by whose aid an hundred ideas spring up and flourish in the place of the rank weeds of ignorance. We may imagine her the queen of literature and science, seated on her granite throne, fit emblem of the durability of her empire, her younger children, now playing, now toiling among the tall, old oaks, which shade her feet, gazing with exulting pride at the progress of her older children, as they adorn the even paths of a quiet life, or climb the steep road to greatness. How her eye kindles as she sees seated on its summit, the ruler of a great people, the President she once delighted to honor!

A tear tells down her majestic cheek, as her Vice President drops and dies with the laurels on his brow. No fear had she for her country's honor when a Graham and a Dobbin were chief captains of her ships, and a Mason and a Barringer stood sentinels at Paris and Madrid. And now, when low mutter the thunders of fanaticism, and the pilot anxiously watches whether the storm shall burst from the North or the South, or the far region of the sea, she feels more secure that two of her sons, with her conservatism instilled into their hearts, are ready in the cabinet to assist the *Strong Old Man*, when the hour of danger comes.

But sir, has her glory departed? Is she like a noble old tree, which, with the golden fruit that has fallen from its branches in former years, has lost its vitality and its strength? No sir, her later children are treading the way their fathers trod. Besides many eminent in civil pursuits—in the pulpit—on the bench—in all the professions—a Bryan amid the thunders of artillery on the plains of Mexico—and in fierce struggles with painted savages on our Western frontier, is showing that her teachings do not render feeble in the rude art of war. At this present moment, aided by her respected chief, who having won many honors, finds his greatest reward in her service, with as able faculty to instruct the five hundred children who toil around her, unassisted by legislative grants, she erects enduring edifices, gathers within her libraries the best books of every age; endows new and useful Professorships, and will soon become, in fact as well as in name, a University where the thirstiest student may drink at the fount of every science.

Mr. President, I have spoken long enough. I can see the faces of some of the old students of the University as miserable at my long delay, as they once were at the unappreciated eloquence of Dr. Phillips' Analytics. I am not in the habit of "speaking for Buncombe," but on this occasion am proud to proclaim the health and happiness of that man, whom, long observation has convinced me, to be the best fit for the station he holds of all in North-Carolina—that man is President Swain, of the University.

[Music.]

Eleventh regular toast:

"Internal Improvement."—A few more years, a few more spades and shovels, and few more dollars will build the East and West in one bond of common interest and enduring sympathy; so that all distinctions of places, shades of complexion, and innumerable other things, shall be the same thing of honest toil, whenever and wherever we name the Good Old North State.

HON. STON H. ROGERS was received with loud cheers as he rose to respond. He said,

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I scarcely know how to make a response. So much might be said and so little ought to be said upon an occasion like this; and that little ought to be said so well, that I distrust myself. [Cheers.] By that sentiment we have presented in one view, North-Carolina as she has been, and as we hope her to be—as she has been, behind all her sisters in the great race of improvement—as she is now, slowly but surely moving along, with her works opening up, every day, some freshly discovered mine of wealth, and developing her vasty rich resources. [Cheers.] Now, even, the "iron horse" with his scintillating wheels is no stranger to her people. With graceful ease she takes the rich growth of her western herds, and places in her flourishing towns in the east. [Applause.] What feelings must spring up in the bosom of the hardy and generous farmer of the west, when he contrasts the present with the past—feelings of pleasure. And his bosom swells with pride and delight at the prospect in the future. A single glance at that future: See our beloved State with her lines of road reaching from her extreme western to her extreme eastern limit, and from points in her interior to her coast—running through her high mountains and over her rich plains: see her majestic rivers, bearing upon their bosom the rich and heavy freights now embowed in her earth—in that future, North-Carolina will not only have character for the honesty and integrity of her people, but also for her power and wealth. [Loud cheers.] Then she will stand a peer among her sisters—equal in all respects, superior in many. [Continued cheers.]

Permit me, said he in conclusion, to say, that to the spirit and enterprise of the people of Wilmington much is due for the progress that we have already made—"Honor be to them to whom honor is due." [Great cheering and music.]

The twelfth regular toast:

"The young men of our State."—We hail them as a band of brothers in a noble cause, fellow laborers and fellow soldiers; hand in hand and heart to heart, we strive for the glory of our Native State.

Wm. J. SAUNDERS, Esq., was loudly called on to respond. He expressed his sense of the compliment, and proceeded at considerable length. In conclusion and on behalf of the young men of the State, he thanked the company for the distinguished honor paid to them generally, and for the particular respect shown to him in choosing him as their representative. Mr. Saunders declared he was a happy one, and was deservedly applauded.

The last regular toast was then announced, as follows, and received with three hearty cheers:

"The Ladies of Raleigh."—What heart so cold that has not warmed beneath their smile? What tongue so dumb that will not sound their praise? May their charms soon render old bachelorhood an extinct fossil.

LIET. TECKER, of the Oak City Guards responded. He insisted that he was no speaking man, and proved satisfactorily, before he got through, that he was. He eulogized the fair to their heart's content, and pointed to their handwork in the decorations of the hall as a sample of what they could do in that particular. He was, he said, a thorough-going ladies' man, and fully believed in them. He kept the company in a continuous roar throughout his speech, and concluded by offering the following sentiment:

"Raleigh and Wilmington."—Connected by iron rails and riveted by the binding steel; may our friendship be as lasting as the one and as bright as the other!

[Received with three cheers, the band striking up "Home, sweet home."]

A. M. WADDELL, Esq., was called up to respond, which he did in capital style. He told a very humorous anecdote, and then alluded to the right of his country to Raleigh, and his neglect to allude to the ladies in his response to the reception of Gov. Bragg. He also apologized for omitting mention of the distinguished brother of his Excellency—Col. Braxton Bragg. [This name was received with a true North-Carolina shout.] Returning to the visit to Raleigh, he alluded to the ability of his brother soldiers of the Light Infantry to withstand heavy showers of grape—not that which Col. Bragg hurled so fearfully upon the enemy, but the which "smacketh the heart glad." He concluded by proposing three cheers for Col. Braxton Bragg, which were given with a will.

COL. JOHN L. CANTWELL was then called out, and treated the company to one of his dashing off hand speeches. He saw his character was differently estimated here and in the Wilmington Glee Club. In this company it appeared determined upon that his voice should be heard. Well, amongst his gleesinging friends he was regarded as possessing a capital voice; but whenever they went out serenading he was always politely requested—not to sing.

[Loud laughter and cheers.]

M. P. TAYLOR of the O. C. G.'s proposed The memory of Surgeon Tucker—
"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our early days;
None knew thee but to love thee—
None named thee but to praise."

[Drank in solemn silence.]
The following note and sentiment were read from the distinguished gentleman whose name appears thereto:
To the Toast-Master:
I am almost sorry that my temperance principles will not allow me to be one of your band. In times past, I have been occasionally present at these reunions, and always broke over the good old rule "In medio sativimus est." I could not help it. At these festivities you drink much wine, talk much of war and glory, and magnify the fair sex. The temptation is too great.

Please excuse my personal attendance—but drink in moderation the following toast:
Respectfully,
JOHN SMITH,
the temperance man.

"Wine, War and Woman"—
"A man may drink, and not be drunk;
"A man may fight, and not be slain;
"A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
"And yet be welcome back again."

MAJ. H. W. HURST was called on, and responded as follows:
He could not see exactly why he should be called on to face this ubiquitous gentleman. He had never been very strict in his temperance notions, though he had sometimes made speeches urging people to "go and do"—just as he didn't.

After some playful remarks about his first advent to the State, some thirty-three years ago, when he first planted his foot on the soil of Wilmington, and there was highly delighted with a flight of eagles, which he afterwards learned were buzzards; and was taught, over at Belvidere, the difference between green persimmons, which he had tasted, and red ones, which he thought were rotten; and after describing that ancient town as it then was, and his three days trip up the Cape Fear to Chase Creek, the ante-diluvian "Henrietta" which was then on her first legs, and was the woman of all; he remarked in a tone of serious earnestness on the 5th regular toast. He approved the sentiments of that toast. He had revered the Union from his childhood. He loved it still. We must not, however, shut our eyes to the alarming fact, that love for the Union ever seemed, almost to be cherished, but faded from the hearts of others. What they may accomplish in their fanaticism and folly, we cannot foresee. If the Union is to be strangled, its ghost can never shake its gory locks at us, and charge us with the foul murder. "Tian cannot say so did it." It is well, however, to prepare for the worst. We can live without the aid of our alienated, maddened brethren. We have within us, and around us a spirit, which will bear us up even in the last extremity.

He offered the following sentiment:
"The Flag of the Stars and Stripes."—We prefer thirty-one Stars—and more. We can do with fifteen—if they will keep us so.

LIET. TECKER proposed the following:
"The Wilmington Glee Band."—May they live till they blow their brains out.

Received with three cheers and loud laughter.
W. J. SAUNDERS, Esq., proposed
"The Ladies of Wilmington."—Always joyous and kind to their friends, and they always stand by their mother.

Three more hearty cheers.
Capt. DeRossett was called up. He could not talk—like his friend Lieut. Tucker, his talent lay in another direction. He would do anything else for them—he could not talk. [A voice, give us a song.] The Capt. forgot to tell them that that was another thing he could not do. [Laughter.]

LIET. TECKER proposed the health of the host, Mr. Burch, and his lady, for the very handsome manner in which they had provided for the company's creature comforts. [Heartily responded to by the entire assemblage with cheers.]

MR. TAYLOR then enlivened the proceedings with the "Fine Old Irish Gentleman"—which was capitally sung.

The Harnett Glee Club next sang several pieces in excellent style.

LIET. LONDON proposed,
"The Oak City Guards." We rejoice to meet them at the festive board, we would esteem it an honor to stand beside them on the field of battle.

[Enthusiastically received.]

CAPT. HARRISON briefly responded and offered the following:
"The Wilmington Light Infantry."—May their cares be always Light, and their swords ever Green.

[Immense cheering.]

The following volunteer toasts were honored during the evening:
By Col. Jno. L. CANTWELL:
"The By our altars pure and free—
By our laws deep rooted tree—
By the past dread memory—
We will still be one!"

Anonymous.
"Atwood Moore Waddell."—The accomplished soldier and gentleman deriving a title by descent, may he hold a life estate in eloquence and bravery.

By Hon. JOHN H. BRYAN:
"The City of Wilmington."—Alike in arts and arms renowned, her merchants are distinguished for their enlightenment and her soldiers for their valor; it is enough to say that they have not degenerated from their revolutionary sires.

By Maj. W. F. COLLINS:
"The Wilmington Light Infantry."—May they ever have the flag and carry the lion—the first and last of their nation's glory.

By Col. W. H. TUCKER:
"The fair daughters of Wilmington."—The rose, the lily and the violet—fit emblems of their purity and loveliness.

Letters were received from Hon. L. O'B. Branch, Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq. of South-Carolina, John W. Syme, Esq., Editor of the Register, and Rev. W. H. Christian, expressing their regret at not being able to attend.

The festivities at the dinner were kept up to a late hour, and the company dispersed in the best possible spirits. Afterwards a party of the O. C. G. and several members of the Harnett Glee Club, serenaded the ladies at St. Mary's, and thus ended the second day's proceedings.

WEDNESDAY.
Old Sol was again bright and cheerful for the third day's proceedings. We have run on to an unusual length already in our account of these festivities; we must therefore close rapidly to a close.

At 8 o'clock the battalion was again out in summer uniform, and a more beautiful spectacle has rarely been presented in our streets.

The line of march was taken up for the Asylum for the Insane, on a special invitation from Dr. Fisher, superintendent of that institution. On arriving there, the companies were cordially welcomed, and those of the patients who could be permitted were brought into the vestibule of the main building to see the corps, and were regaled with a selection of music by the band. The effects of the music upon them were various, but upon all apparently pleasing. Those portions of the building open to the public were then visited, and afforded pleasure and delight to our Wilmington friends, as well for their cleanliness and scrupulous order and neatness as for their extent and beauty. After partaking plentifully of ice-water the companies re-formed, and proceeded to visit a few prominent citizens.

On the arrival of the military at the mansion of Ex-Gov. Manly, he said:
I thank you cordially for the honor of this call. Do not suppose that I am about to detain you at my threshold to hear a speech. There has been, I think, speaking enough. Indeed, there is nothing left to speak about. If I were to attempt to welcome our distinguished guests—that has already been done better than I can do. If I were to say farewell, and pronounce a valedictory, it would be premature—for we have not had half enough out of you—I wish you to stay at least sixteen or seventeen days. If I were to say anything, I would say every thing in favor of this magnificent Brass Band of music which deserves all praise. But as I do not intend to say anything, I will only say that when on a certain occasion the sorrowing friends of a wounded soldier were hovering around his dying couch, the question was asked if he ever said his prayers. What, said my uncle Toby, (I think I read the story when a boy, in Tristram Shandy, a soldier said his prayers? I tell you that a poor soldier who is fighting all day, and standing up to his knees in mud and water in the trenches all night; one hour exposed to the scorching sun, and the next to the pitiless rain; marching here and counter marching there, has no time to say his prayers! So on this very account of these heavy trials and tribulations, I would say that if the soldier cannot find time to pray, he can at all times find time to drink. And now, as I have nothing more to say, I will only say, please walk into my house and make yourselves at home.

And if they did not make themselves at home—or more properly speaking, if they were not made to do so,—we should like to see them at home.

The next point visited was the next residence of Hon. S. H. ROGERS. Mr. Rogers politely received them, and remarked that if they would just step in he thought he could more agreeably entertain them than by listening to anything he could say. After a very agreeable time spent here, the Band and the Harnett Glee Club honored the ladies of Mr. Rogers' household with some excellent music, and then the companies marched to pay their respects to Mayor Haywood, by whom they were well received and treated in his usually polite manner.

The residence of W. W. Holden, Esq., was the next point visited. Addressing the Wilmington Company, the Oak City Guards, and the citizens present, he said he was glad to see them. He was grateful for the honor of this visit to his residence, and would be happy to meet them all under his roof. He would be almost vexed with himself were he to make a premeditated speech at such a time; but he would be pardoned for one or two allusions suggested by the occasion. He saw before him the Wilmington and Raleigh companies blended—their banners floating side by side, and the blue uniform of the "Oak City" green. [Cheers.] This was emblematic of the kindly and fraternal feelings existing between the two sister towns, and he hoped it would be perpetual. [Much cheering.] He saw also a flag bearing the motto, "Mecklenburg, 20th day of May, 1775," and another flag—that of the stars and stripes—the same so gallantly and heroically carried and planted by Edward Cantwell, now in this City, on the rugged heights of the National Bridge. [Cheers.] These banners, this martial array, the indomitable spirit of our people, gave assurance that liberty, first born among the forests of Mecklenburg, though it might perish elsewhere from the earth, would never die within the confines of North-Carolina. [Much applause.]

"Her necks are Freedom's towers—these hills her home! And when they stand on Time's far future shore, She still shall see her children over their vain, And up the rolling clouds her eagle soar. Strong as Olympus' base, whose thunder bore The old Titanic giant to earth, shall rest Her feet upon these mountains evermore!"

The country was now apparently tranquil; but the Southern people should fall into no lethargic slumber. The black cloud of geographical discrimination and sectional aggression still hung along the Northern sky, tipped with the lightnings of malice and fanaticism. Let us watch those lurking, but yet undeveloped fires. They threaten, but if we were true to ourselves, they could not destroy, though they might harm us. But above all this, in the great atmosphere of upper heavens, there still shone with undiminished splendor, the great star of the Federal Constitution, [cheers] which, like the "Northern star," in its "true, fixed, and resting quality," could have no fellow in the firmament. Let us, said he, whatever may happen, look to this great light of the constitution—let us walk by it and insist that others shall walk by it also; and let us pray God that it may never go out. [Great applause.]

Mr. Holden repeated his gratification at seeing his military friends—congratulated them upon the manner in which they had marched thus far "in the bosom of the land," and upon the gallantry and gallantry with which they had charged the batteries of "grape" which had assailed them on every hand. [Cheers.] He had great confidence in their nerve and in their ability to "carry" whatever they might be "charged" with; and if they fell, they would fall "with their backs on the ground and their face to the foe." [Laughter.] But he had no fears of that; yet if any one should fall, he might be assured that many comrades would be left to bury him in some quiet, shady spot with the honors of war. [Cheers.] He trusted the Wilmington Light Infantry would bear away with them pleasant recollections of their visit, and daggered upon each heart of theirs, the bright impressions of the beautiful and virtuous women who adorned and gladdened this little "City of Oaks." [Prolonged cheering.]

Mr. Holden then led them into his house where they vigorously attacked and carried another "battery."

The last place visited was the residence of Col. W. H. and R. S. Tucker, Esq. Lieut. Tucker let off another of his rollicking speeches, and the house being thrown open to the corps, he and the Col. took them in hand. By the time these gentlemen gave them up (and this between you and me, dear reader,) they were somewhat worsted.

All returned to the Armory about 2 o'clock after a somewhat eventful morning; and the Light Infantry bent upon returning home, despite the efforts to detain them, were escorted to the Central Depot at about 4 o'clock by the Oak City Guards and a large number of other citizens, and at 5 o'clock, after many warm leave-takings, and amidst volleys of musketry, they left for their homes.

CONCLUSION.
Having brought this lengthened report to a close, the writer cannot but feel sensible of many shortcomings. As a reporter, he has no apology to offer, inasmuch as he ought to have done his duty—as a citizen and as a member of the entertaining corps, he will be allowed to say that there are many things omitted which he could not legitimately have dwelt upon, and many particulars are doubtless overlooked, by his not being Argus-eyed. A detail of the manner in which the Oak City Guards treated their guests, would come with a bad grace from one of themselves; and the particulars of the receptions by private citizens would be obviously equally embarrassing. As a simple chronicler, he can say that our Wilmington Friends made no complaints, and

the Oak City Guards feel more than they can say. They have special thanks and general thanks to offer, which will doubtless be rendered in due time. The writer takes the liberty of publicly returning the thanks of at least the committee of arrangements to those ladies who so willingly and tastefully decorated the dining saloon; to Mrs. Ruffin Tucker for her beautiful decorations on the targets; to Messrs. Holden and Wilson for their beautiful specimen of printing gratuitously supplied, and to the host of others who assisted by their efforts.

Of the gentlemen composing the Wilmington Light Infantry the reporter has to say, that he has now seen them at home and abroad, on the public parade and in the social circle, and the estimate he formed of them twelve months ago has been more than justified—they are soldiers and gentlemen, every inch of them.

We have heretofore spoken of the Cornet Band and its polished and accomplished leader. In a word they are obliging civil and respectable gentlemen, and finished musicians.

We are happy to learn from the Wilmington papers that the Light Infantry arrived safely at home on Thursday morning, expressing themselves well pleased with their visit. Want of room prevents us from giving extracts from the Wilmington papers to-day.

Democratic Triumph in Wilmington.
The Journal of Tuesday brings us the news of the complete success of the Democrats in Wilmington in an election held on Monday for five commissioners of navigation. The Journal says:

THE ELECTION YESTERDAY.—The election for Commissioners of Navigation, held here yesterday passed